

# The Saturday Evening Post.

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**FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.**  
**A Lady who said "I might die of a Broken Heart."**  
My swelling heart can warmly feel,  
And every heaven-born passion prove,  
Oh! I believe the tale I tell,  
It is not so—Oh! no, it is not so,  
My heart will never burst for Love.  
My Anna's form, my Anna's mind,  
Can every spring of feeling move,  
But should the maid e'er prove unkind,  
Oh! no—Oh! no, it is not so,  
It is not so,  
My heart will never burst for Love.  
A maiden once I fondly loved,  
And in her fealty held belief,  
But when her falsehood I had proved,  
My proud heart scorned to sink in grief;  
Oh! no—Oh! no, it is not so,  
It is not so,  
My heart shall never sink in grief.  
I look around on every side,  
Where death still drives his cruel furrow,  
And while my dearest friends have died,  
I feel my heart may swell with sorrow;  
But, no! oh! no, it is not so,  
It is not so,  
It may not, cannot burst in sorrow.  
When fortune frowns and friends have flown,  
Like flowers before the autumnal gale,  
My heart shall breathe no sigh, nor groan,  
But down the adverse stream I'll sail;  
Yet no! oh! no, it is not so,  
No breeze shall blow,  
To bear upon its wings my wail,  
I cannot weep, I cannot sigh,  
Nor counterfeit the mourner's part;  
The sad never dims my eye,  
The sorrow swells my burning heart.  
Believe me, while  
My cheek shall smile,  
Some sorrow swells my burning heart.

**FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.**  
**SONG.**  
**Devoted to the Red Men of Pennsylvania,**  
BY BROTHER NIGHTINGALE.  
Ad Brothers all! though I am away  
The Nightingale has flown,  
That used to pour his pensive lay  
For you, for you alone;  
Still, when the Council fire is lit,  
And all is social glee,  
No ye in mystic circle sit,  
Oh, still remember me!  
Twice, twice twelve moons have shed their light,  
The forest gloom to cheer,  
Sneering, wandering in fortune's night,  
Your voice has met my ear;  
But, like a Brother, still I'll bear  
Whatever pain there be,  
Assured, that where'er ye are,  
Ye'll still remember me!  
Let fools our mystic ties condemn,  
Let senseless foes deride,  
The Red Men still can laugh at them,  
And scorn their paltry pride;  
My song may be deemed vile,  
But if the freer I can smile,  
While ye remember me!  
The forest's side—and brothers all,  
Let's part in dark and rude;  
The smoke of age unheeded fall,  
Your flowers are quickly strewed;  
So let them fall—the flowers decay,  
The earth a desert be,  
Still, if the waste I'll happy stray,  
Oh, ye remember me!  
And when the arrow swift has sped,  
The eye of life is dim,  
When death the mandate stern has read—  
The cup flows o'er the brim;  
Then as the Council fire above  
Is burning bright for me,  
Oh, by the ties of Friendship prove  
Ye still remember me!  
BOSTON BARD.  
New-York, 1823.

**FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.**  
**ECONOMY.**  
There is a medium between prodigality on the one hand, and avarice on the other, generally required under the title of economy, which has engaged the attention of individuals and nations, from the first dawn of civilization. It is a medium between two extremes, which constantly attend her. With her right hand she gently leads wealth—her only offspring; and with the left, gracefully reclining on her breast, she indicates that mental serenity which dwells within. Her gaze is majestic—and her countenance beams with intelligence; in fine, in her seems to be concentrated all those principles which are calculated to immortalize a king, or felicitate a nation. At her approach poverty flies aloof, within her temples and her dearer situations, will a deviation from her regulations plunge the unhappy subject—being seized by prodigality he will seemingly enjoy himself, but it will be only to lighten his fall into the abyss of misery—or, attracted by avarice, he will be doomed to drag out a miserable existence, devoid of the comforts and conveniences of society. In the eyes of a wise man, the miser appears equally despicable; who can view with secret delight, the increasing pile, ignorant of its intrinsic value, and at the privation of every human comfort. On the other hand, the prodigal, mindless of all, save present enjoyments, spends his all, and sinks into the arms of pale-fisted poverty; or, unable to bear the reverse of fortune, corrupting and lowering o'er him, destroys his mental peace, and dissolution hastily approaches. Not so with

him, who chooses that just medium, for with prudence are his affairs conducted, and he readily perceives, "her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace." **GORGIOUS.**  
**Consolations under Affliction.**  
Most readers are acquainted with the journal of the intrepid traveller, Mingo Park, in the interior of Africa, and whose fate has never been satisfactorily ascertained. The following very judicious extract, however, from its beauty, and coming from a man nearly borne down under the heaviest trials we can well conceive of, will not only be interesting to those who have never seen it, but afford some pleasing sensations even to those who have more than once perused it. Mr. Park had just been robbed by a band of almost every thing he possessed, with scarcely any article of clothing left to protect him from the burning sun and drenching rains to which he was exposed, friendless and alone, when the following reflections resulted from his intense sufferings:  
"After they were gone I sat for some time looking around me with amazement and terror. Which ever way I turned, nothing appeared but danger and difficulty. I saw myself in the midst of a vast wilderness, in the depth of the rainy season—naked and alone—surrounded by savage animals, and men still more savage. I was five hundred miles from the nearest European settlement. All these circumstances crowded at once on my recollection, and I confess that my spirits began to fail me—I considered my fate as certain, and that I had no alternative, but to lie down and perish. The influence of religion, however, aided and supported me. I reflected that no human prudence or foresight could possibly have averted my present sufferings. I was, indeed, a stranger in a strange land, yet I was still under the protecting eye of that Providence who has condescended to visit himself the stranger's friend. At this moment, painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss, in fructification, irresistibly caught my eye. I mention this to show from what trifling circumstances the mind will sometimes derive consolation; for though the whole plant was not larger than the top of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate confirmation of its roots, leaves, and capsule, without admiration. Can that Being, thought I, who planted, watered and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after his own image!—Surely not! Reflections like these would not allow me to despair.—I started up, and disregarding both hunger and fatigue, travelled forwards, assured that relief was at hand; and I was not disappointed."

**FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.**  
**SABBATH MEDITATIONS.**  
"Great God of Heav'n, it cannot be  
That good and evil flow from thee."  
The Lord is essential love, and essential wisdom—unbounded in goodness—universal in benevolence—the author of all created existence.—As he is the source of all good, evil cannot possibly exist in, or proceed from him. The sun cannot emit darkness, nor can corrupt water flow from a pure fountain. Evil is the perversion of good, and it originates with man, when he converts the holy principles of the Lord into unholiness. "S" changes the truth of God into a lie." Every influential principle, whether it be natural or spiritual, is received pure, or in a perverted state, according to the quality of the recipient subject. The heat and light of the sun, flowing into certain vegetable forms, produce beautiful flowers, and grateful odours; whilst the same influx into forms of an opposite character, give rise to deformity and noxious vapours. The same light, that is so resplendently reflected by a diamond, is absorbed and rendered pale, when received by minerals of loose and open textures.  
Man, in a state of separation from God, is altogether evil. The corruptions of his heart, and the errors of his understanding, become deeply rooted in his soul, and usurp absolute sway over every action of his life. The principles of good flowing into a receptacle so corrupt, soon become converted into evil. But when information is desired, truth commences a purifying operation, that terminates only with the total expulsion of all evil.—In the early dawn of this state, man is apt to attribute wrath, anger, and vengeance to the Deity, when, in fact, they exist only in himself. Whatever, therefore, may be the limited views, and partial sympathies of man—"The Lord is good to all and His tender mercies are over all His works." **AMETHYST.**

**The characters of some our Modern Poets.**  
BY AN INSANE GIRL.  
Byron is the poet of might and desolation. He loves to view nature in her haughtiest aspect, her darkly blazing volcanoes, impetuous cataracts, and sky canopied mountains. He walks unhurt amid the war of elements, fearlessly looking down upon her maddening combats, he wields the thunderbolt and commands the storm.  
Scott, loves the echo of the bugle-horn, and the joyous exhilarating hurra of the chase. To him the sweet breeze of morning, the sparkling stream, and heath-covered hill are dearest.  
Moore, revels in the warmth and splendour of noon-day. His frank and glowing spirit delights to bask in genial sun-beams; to inhale the voluptuous sigh of Summer zephyrs, and the balmy breath of blooming roses.  
Most dear to Campbell, is the gentle majesty of autumnal evenings, when the tears of Heaven embalm the expiring flowers, when the last sigh of departing summer, yet lingers on the air, and the pale stars look silently on the quiet melancholy of the scene below.

But thou, Swifey, bard of sparkling fiction and mysterious beauty, what words can describe thee. Thou, who enjoyest life in every element, who unrivalled thy wand of all-subduing magic—Pursue thy flight through the cerulean regions, couch thyself on the passing clouds, and robe thyself in the many coloured rainbow—dwell in the palaces of living flame, or wander in the coral hall thou hast raised in ocean's bowels, all are familiar to thee, for thou commandest all.

**Scene at the Reading of a Will.**  
As the tanner's widow waxed sickly and infirm, she became an enticing object for Mrs. Doldrum, an inhabitant of Leighton Buzzard, one of those human screech-owls who prowl about the abodes of misery and death, croaking out dismal tidings, and hovering over corpses. She seemed only happy when surrounded by wretchedness, and her undertakerlike mind appeared to live upon death. When she could not treat herself with a dissolution, she would look about her for a broken leg, a bankrupt, a family where there was a dishonoured daughter, a runaway son, or any calamity she could by good fortune discover.—"O my dear friend," she exclaimed to Mrs. Pitman, a short time before her death, "I am so delighted to see you, (here a groan)—you know my regard for you, (another groan)—seeing your bed-room shutters closed, I took it for granted it was all over with you, so I came in just to close your eyes and lay out your body. Delighted to find you alive, (groan the third)—let us be of good cheer, perhaps you may yet linger out a week longer, though it would be a great release if it would please God to take you, (groan the fourth).—And yet I fear you are sadly prepared for the next world. (Groan the fifth and longest.) You know my regard for you. The Lord be good unto us! Hark! is that the death watch? I certainly heard a ticking."

This consolatory personage was all alive the moment she heard of Mrs. Pitman's death, which occurred shortly after; and she was obviously in her proper element when superintending the closing of window-shutters, and all the minute arrangements usually adopted upon such mournful occasions. At her own particular request, she was indulged with the privilege of sitting up with the body the first night, and would not even resign her station on the second, which was the time appointed for the reading of the will. Frank Millington had been sent for express to attend this melancholy ceremony; Mr. Swipes and Mr. Currie were of course present in deep mourning, with visages to match, and each with a white pocket-handkerchief to hide the tears which he feared he would be unable to shed. Mr. Drawl, the attorney, held the portentous document in his hand, bristling with seals; and two or three friends were requested to attend as witnesses. The slow and precise man of law, who shared none of his auditors' impatience, was five minutes in picking the locks of the seals, as many more in arranging his spectacles, and, having deliberately blown his nose, through which he always talked, (as if to clear the way), he at length began his lecture. As the will, at the old lady's particular request, had been made as short and simple as possible, he had succeeded in squeezing it into six large skins of parchment, which we shall take the liberty of crushing into as many lines. After a few unimportant legacies to servants and others, it is stated that the whole residue of her property, personal and real, consisting of—here a formidable schedule of houses, farms, messuages, tenements, buildings, appurtenances, stocks, bonds, monies, and possessions, occupying twenty minutes in the recital, was bequeathed to her dear cousins Samuel Swipes of the Pond-street Brewery, and Christopher Currie of the Market-place, Saddler.

Here Mr. Drawl laid down his parchment, drew his breath, blew his nose, and began to wipe his spectacles, in which space of time Mr. Swipes was delivered of a palpable and inextinguishable stivel, in the getting up whereof he was in vainly assisted by a previous cold; and endeavouring to enact a sob, which however sounded more like gargling his throat, he ejaculated—"Generous creature! worthy woman! kind soul!"

Mr. Currie, who thought it safer to be silently overcome by his feelings, buried his face in his handkerchief, whence he finally emerged with indisputably red and watery eyes, though it is upon record, that he had been noticed that morning grubbing about the onion-bed in his own garden, and had been seen to stoop down and pick something up. They were both with an ill concealed triumph beginning to express to Frank their regret that he had not been named, and to inform him that they could dispense with his farther attendance, when Mr. Drawl with his calm nasal twang cried out, "Pray, gentlemen, keep your seats, I have not done yet;" and resuming the parchment and his posture, thus proceeded—"Let me see, where was I? Ay, Samuel Swipes, of Pond-street Brewery, and Christopher Currie of the Market-place, Saddler," and then raising his voice, to adapt it to the large German text words that came next, he sang out—"In I trust, for the sole and exclusive use and benefit of my dear nephew, Frank Millington, when he shall have attained the age of 25 years, by which time I hope he will have so far reformed his evil habits as that he

may safely be intrusted with the large fortune which I hereby bequeath to him."  
"What's all this?" exclaimed Mr. Swipes, "You don't mean that we're humbugged? In trust? how does that appear? where is it?" Mr. Drawl, depositing his spectacles, looking up at the ceiling, and scratching the under part of his chin, pointed to the two fatal words, which towered conspicuously above the multitude of their companions, and the brewer's nether jaw gradually fell down till it crumbled and crushed the fill of his shirt. Mr. Currie, with a pale face and goggle eyes, stood staring at his co-trustee, not exactly understanding what he all meant, though he saw by his countenance that there was some sudden extinction of their hopes. As the will was dated several years back, Frank only wanted three weeks of the stipulated period of possession, and as he justly revolved in his mind all the annoyances he had occasioned his aunt, and the kind generosity with which she had treated him, his eyes remained fixed upon the carpet, and the tears fell fast upon the back of his crossed hands.

**OBSERVATIONS ON NAMES.**  
Mr. Brady, in his "Critical and Analytical Dissertation on the names of Persons," thinks that surnames were introduced into England by the Normans, and are posterior to armorial bearing; as also to Christian names. Yet some forms of personal appellation must have preceded even the introduction of Christianity, though such names were probably not hereditary. Mr. B. appears surprised to find so many colours as White, Black, Brown, Green, and not one Red; but, probably, this name has been expanded into Red and Head.  
The oldest and most natural names seem to be those that are derived from complexion or stature, as Brown, White, Green, Long, Short, Little, Golightly, Heavy-sided, and others. Many are taken from trades and employments, as Carpenter, Mason, Smith, Wright, Taylor, Gardiner, Cook, Stevedore, Walker, Trotter and Rider. Others are patronymics, as Richardson, Robertson, Robinson, Harrison, Atkinson, Johnson, Wilson, Donaldson, Thomson, Dickson, and Jackson, Fitzroy, and a legion of Scottish Mac's, Irish O's, and Dutch Van's. A fourth class came from the place of birth, as Wilton, Bellingbrooke, Eaton, Leeds, Cumberland, Thorpe, East, West, North, South. A fifth class are names of offices or dignities, as King, Lord, Noble, Knight, Sheriff, Clerk; a sixth class are names of animals, vegetables, or utensils, as Swan, Crow, Dove, Herring, Bacon, Bullock, Ash, Rose, Bloom, Patten, Buckle, Hall, Chambers, Kitchen; and a seventh may embrace a variety of Greek-shops, Sheepshanks, Shuflabottoms, Higginbottoms, Winterbottoms, and others of like unstable foundations.  
We have a Mr. Light, whose weight is only one stone less than that of the memorable Lambert; and two ladies named Smallman and Littleboy are not far behind him in lowness. Mr. Blackmore is one of the fairest women in the world. Mr. Prater, as is well known, has been always deaf and dumb; Mrs. Pury is remarkable for her quiet disposition; Mr. Wiseman, is without exception the greatest fool in the neighbourhood in which he resides; Mr. Lightfoot has lost one of his legs, and got the put in the other, and poor Miss Dyle was born blind.

**The following are extracts from the Ancient Laws of Connecticut.**  
"The Sabbath shall begin on Saturday at sunset."  
"No woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath or fasting day."  
"No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair or shave on the Sabbath day."  
"No one shall be a freeman, or give a vote, unless he be converted and a member in full communion with one of the churches allowed in this dominion."  
"No one shall buy or sell land without permission of the Selectmen."  
"No Gospel Minister shall join people in marriage; the Magistrates only shall join in marriage, as they may do it with less scandal to Christ's Church."  
"When parents refuse their children convenient marriages, the magistrates shall determine the point."  
"No man shall court a maid in person, or by letter, without first obtaining consent of her parents; £3 penalty for the first offence; £10 for the second; and for the third, imprisonment during the pleasure of the Court."  
"A man that strikes his wife shall pay a fine of £10. A woman that strikes her husband shall be punished as the court directs."  
"A wife shall be deemed good evidence against her husband. Married persons must live together or be imprisoned. Every male shall have his hair cut round according to a cap."

**FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.**  
**TO THE PUBLIC.**  
The Darby Association for discouraging the unnecessary use of ardent Spirits, being convened for the purpose of considering what steps they can pursue to promote the object they have in view, believe that a call on their fellow citizens, and more especially the Farmers, at this season of the year, may have a beneficial effect, and draw the attention of some to this important subject.  
The season is now approaching, when citizens, when, apparently, we may receive from the hands of a Bountiful Giver a rich reward for our toil, but can it be said that we are rendering unto Him the gratitude and praise that is due, if in gathering the blessings of His munificent hand, we indulge ourselves in the free use of those intoxicating Liquors which inflame the passions, which enervate the mind, and draw it from its Creator, which deprives man of his reason, and sinks him below the brute creation; and, in short, is the source from which flow most of the evils that degrade and afflict the human race.  
The practice of handing out ardent Spirits in the time of harvest has long been sanctioned by custom, and probably by many without ever taking a serious thought of its contaminating effects on the morals and health of the labourer, and thus many who might otherwise have escaped this dreadful scourge, by becoming habituated to the use of ardent Spirits at this season of the year, have acquired an inclination for it, in which they have seldom become liberated during their lives, and frequently prematurely sink into the grave. Let every Farmer, therefore, before he procures ardent Spirits to use in his harvest field, reflect seriously on the importance of making a stand against the use of this profligate source of intemperance—let him duly consider, whether by withholding the intoxicating cup he may not save a fellow being from the horrible pit, and be

the happy instrument of advancing the cause of Virtue and morality, and largely contributing to the comfort and happiness of his fellow creature. Nor is this all the consolation to be derived from denying himself and fellow labourers the stimulus of ardent Spirits. Many have long tried the experiment, and find more labour can be performed, more satisfaction enjoyed, the rational faculties kept in their proper functions, the health of the body better preserved, and the blessings of Providence gathered without those distressing and disagreeable occurrences which often happen in consequence of the use of ardent Spirits. Let our brother Farmers, then, resolve to make their efforts in arresting the in-dim-march of this Hydra-headed monster, SYCONE DRINK. Let them only try the experiment for the motives of gathering their approaching harvests without it, and we fully believe they will realize a satisfaction which they never experienced while in the practice of using ardent Spirits as an article of drink.

But it is not the Farmers only, but the citizens in general, we wish to engage in this interesting subject—and can it be said, that legislative bodies, the guardians of the public welfare, are discharging the trust reposed in them, while they view with indifference the ravages of this evil, which is acknowledged to be "the crying sin of the nation"—can they behold it thus preying on the vitals of the community, destroying the talents of many who might otherwise shine as bright ornaments in society, and sinking thousands annually into an untimely grave, without exerting their constituted powers to prevent the evil, and cut out, in some measure, the sources from whence these complicated miseries flow.  
In doing this, their attention must necessarily be turned to the distiller, and lay on him such imposts as might, in a short time, induce him to relinquish the practice, and also enforce such salutary restrictions on the retailers of ardent Spirits as to render it an object of less profit, and make it penal to sell to a person who was known to use it to the injury of himself, his family or his estate.  
If, when the Lord's Judgment are in the land, the inhabitants shall learn righteousness, may we not draw lessons of instruction from the aspect of things. The serious and reflecting mind must certainly have discovered that in some sections of our country in latter seasons the staff of life has been cut off, literally speaking, "the stay of bread and the stay of water," and will it be reasonable to expect that while a great portion of that which is given to support life, is converted into an article that destroys both soul and body, and otherwise spreads misery and wretchedness among thousands of the human race, that the bounties of Heaven will still continue to be poured out upon us; or that we shall, as a nation, escape the "chastening rod." Or as it is righteousness that exalteth a nation, so we may reasonably expect that national evils will be punished by national calamities; and when the rulers of a nation or individual state, neglect to make use of the means put into their power to correct the moral evils that prevail among the inhabitants, such nation or state becomes implicated in the crime, and thus it is that "drunkenness becomes the crying sin of the nation."

In closing this address we desire to encourage individual exertion and the united co-operation of kindred associations that are formed in different parts of the country, that they may discourage, by all proper means, the unnecessary and habitual use of ardent spirits, a dread evil, by persevering and unremitted calls, to awaken the public mind to the enormity of the evil; for while the streams of intemperance are thus suffered unobstructed to flow, may we not have occasion to say to our rulers as the servants of Pharaoh did in an affecting time, "show now shall this [evil] be a snare unto us; knowest thou not yet that Egypt is desolate?" **THE ASSO LATION.**  
Darby, 6mo. 2d. 1823.

N. B. Printers of Newspapers favourable to the Association, are requested to give it a place in their insertion.

We have been requested to publish the attached remarks, relative to a certain proceeding which has caused considerable uneasiness in the minds of many worthy citizens in this city. They are extracted from the Universalist Magazine, edited by the Rev. Mr. Kneland and have excited much interest among those who have had an opportunity of perusing them.  
**A New Creed, intended for Quakers, but honorably rejected by them.**  
The Essay of a creed, from which the following extracts were taken, was adopted, and printed by "the meeting of sufferings," the representatives of the body of the yearly meeting of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and the Eastern Shore of Maryland, and copied on their minutes, which are annually read in that yearly meeting for its approbation. But so much disapprobation was expressed with it, that the pamphlet was ordered "not to be published." Hence the work was suppressed; but this cannot make it any less true, or any more false; and as it was evidently drawn up by some of the leading members of the society, it is a proper subject for animadversion. A few copies were put into circulation, by some means or other, before the meeting; and all attempts to buy them up, since, for the purpose of suppressing them, have proved ineffectual. But we will keep the reader no longer in suspense in regard to this singular production, which contains some truth; but more error; and most of all, that which conveys no definite idea whatever!

After the preamble, which contains nothing very exceptionable, and an expression of a firm belief in the scriptures, which, so far, is certainly very good, it adds—  
"But they are not and cannot be subjected to the fallen corrupt reason of man."  
Now, what is meant by "fallen corrupt reason?" Is not the reason of man as good now as ever was?—and did not God address the reason, when he said, "Come now, let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Isa. I. 18. Here God calls upon sinners, whose sins were of the deepest dye, to use their reason; and in what subject can they exercise it better than in gaining a correct understanding of the scriptures? But only make mankind believe that their reason is so fallen, so depraved, that they are incapable of understanding the scriptures with any suggestion; and you have the book completely in their power, and they can be led by the nose at your will. It is impossible to conceive of a man whose reason should be corrupted, for such a man could not exercise a great degree of falsehood, and such a reason, yet reason, to be reason, must act rationally; and when actions are incorrect, it is not reason that acts, but something else. Therefore, this creed means, that the scriptures cannot be understood by the "reason of man," in his present state, it either means that which is false, or else it charges God with folly in giving man a guide, and calling upon him to exercise his reason in understanding it, when he knows that this guide was not "subject to reason!" But the creed says, "We have always asserted our willingness that all our doctrines be tried by them, (the scriptures) and admit it as a positive maxim, that we never any day, pretending to the spirit, which is contrary to the scriptures, be accounted and made as a delusion of the Devil."  
But how is a common man to know what the











every, shovenness  
elegant simplicity  
of delicacy.